

IMAGINARY ORDER

GREAT HEALTH

NOT GANDOGA

IMAGINARY ORDER

8 SONGS

by

GREAT HEALTH

&

ANDY GARDNER

HULLO. Welcome to the accompanying zine to
IMAGINARY ORDER, an 8 song cassette tape by
Great Health and Andy Gardner. Thank you for
reading / listening / being.

The Great Health portion of this tape was
recorded in Bloomington, IN in February and
March 2012. Music and words by Richard Weh-
renberg, Jr. © 2012

The Andy Gardner portion of this tape was
recorded in Columbus, OH in June 2012. Music
and words by Andy Gardner © 2012

Please download this tape for free here—
<http://archive.org/details/ImaginaryOrderTape>

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The body in pieces finds its unity in the image of the other...[or] its own specular image.'

—The Seminar of Jacques Lacan: Book II

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Every day we do things that corroborate an *I*. Bodies assimilate to singular identities. We first learn of ourselves by recognizing that there are others that are not us. This happens when we are young. All of the stuff we learn to call our own manifests from the fire of specific instances. From the spectres of one million tribes. The collective narratives handed down from centuries past still filter into our lives today. We are a lineage that is perpetually changing, evolving, obliterating and (re)-manifesting. At the same time, we cannot be of anything; utterly subjective and unprecedented, we exist as singular entities never before adrift in the ocean called History.

In the specific moment in time we find ourselves in, what lies beyond the image beckons to be dug out. The important thing to realize is that we get to decide what meaning things have, what events and happenings represent. Our being of a specific body, in a particular place, and of a constructed culture is at once imaginary, symbolic, and real. What matters is the deciding of what matters. Or refusing to decide. Truths flow from every opening and what we decide to accept as real constitutes our world. I shut this door and you open that window. A song is heard from across a field. All that can be perceived is ours, mine, yours, nobody's. We are working towards non-dualistic thinking here. What is certain is uncertainty. *Et seq.* Love exists when we traverse this place together, in all our complexity, with moon-eyed wonder.

What we do should determine what we forego; by doing we forego—that's how I like it; that is my placitum.

— Friedrich Nietzsche

This will never go away. It is your middle name; how you hate it. Grief grows with you, against you, forever; a movie title you can almost remember, or a friend's phone number. Like the ham bone from the party that the black dog buries and reburies under the forsythia bush, grief only becomes more yellow, a bright fire at the center of the earth. And it keeps showing up, again and again, on the living room floor.

— Maggie Anderson

GREAT HEALTH

MAUNDERER

Looking up from my life like from a book. A narrative seems already scrawled. There are several things I can only hope are true. The only thing I expect to be: we all must leave.

And all the people we potter by, inevitably, what would it have been like if I had paused with you? Converged together like storm clouds, taciturn armies shunting lightning palm out. What sun might have poked its head through to dispel the cold fronts we lost our wonder to?

We lost our wonder, too.

QUIET GIFT

The sadness we sublet. The candor we hope we've kept implies a being-with.

Something always left to be said runs off in a hurry again.

Hold close. There's this quiet gift.

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The same eyes that you've had since you were a kid.

Before looking up for you, I glance at my hands and grin.

ANODYNE

Will I shut off like a TV screen. Fade out in some dull-grey gleam. Last words:
laugh-track me out.

Will my lymph nodes be overcome with grief from filtering noxious ideologies
and finally relieve and off themselves with some rusty skeleton key.

Please lift me from the stumps of my feet before the inured look of my pedigree,
recorded with flashes for a World War II airplane company pervades me.

Let not my anodyne be to flee.

WORK

I sat drinking water. You had just gotten off another work week.

The years pile up like dirty clothes and laundry must be done over and over again.

Crumpled buildings get swallowed by earth.

Imaginary order.

Market value marking how you feel.

That you've died at least one hundred times and every time when you go to sleep.

One day your office building gets swallowed by earth.

One day all office buildings get swallowed by earth.

Their own graves made like beds emblazoned with sun.

The moon orbiting like spotlight on you, every failure out in full view.

You're hiding from others.

Fear as your lover.

Fear is your mother.

(And the moon watched the whole time)

ANDY GARDNER

HEART IS

You said I don't know where my heart is. That cold Carolina breeze blew strong.
I never wanted to hurt anybody. It seems every decision I make is wrong.
Every decision is wrong. You said I don't know where my heart is. You know I
never wanted to fight. I'm sorry I'm always second guessing. I'm sorry I can't do
anything right. Can't do anything right.

DISAPPEAR

I'm walking around in a cornfield, but you're not here. I'm hoping that the farther I walk will help me disappear. I'm trying to disappear. I'm doing my best. I'm walking down by the water. But no one else is near. I dive into the water, hoping it'll help me disappear. I'm trying to disappear. I'm doing my best.

NOVEMBER AIR

I went outside and it wasn't there. I stood in the street and started to stare, as everything dissolved into the November air. I opened the door and saw a man clutching close a pen and pad while the tail-lights they flashed red. I understand why it's gone, I understand why you're gone, but it doesn't help me feel less alone. I don't care about lost gifts and such, all I care about is keeping in touch. All I care about is keeping. For a long long while into her eyes I stared, she searched for feelings and they just weren't there. They must've dissolved into the November air.

ATV

We were riding an ATV, when you said hold onto me. The open field flew by as we drove. Part of me still hasn't let go. Too scared of falling at such a high speed, too much worrying about what we need, too much of everything going so fast. Going so fast. We were riding an ATV. The sun was in my eyes, I couldn't see. In and out of trees we wove. Part of me still hasn't let go. Too scared of falling at such a high speed, too much worrying about what we need, too much of everything going so fast. Going so fast.



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